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from allowing our minds to get impregnated with the pestiferous principles of the age, of which Protestant England is the reeking hotbed. The tide of rationalism is so strong, its current runs so swiftly, and people are so apt to think there is no harm in swimming on a little with the pride and private judgment of the day, that, beginning with small things, they end with great, and from once trusting their frail bark to a guide other than the Church of God, they fall away by degrees, until the vortex of universal corruption around has swallowed them up almost before they see it. It behoves Catholics, therefore, and especially English Catholics, to beware of a plausible, but often fatal incredulity. This remark applies in particular to those who have been 'brought up,' as it is called, in the Catholic Church—a privilege which can never be prized too highly. Many a good soul is there, who rests quite content without acts of supererogation, but whose faith, it may be said, is nevertheless apparently strong and secure. And so it may be for the time. But, considering the bane of this carnal age, who can say how long it will remain so? Hence, if we would attain salvation, a lively faith is not a choice, but a stringent necessity. Almighty God will have no stagnant waters, however deep; and 'he that does not gather with Him, scattereth.' Never has there been a period in the history of the Church when it was more requisite to be on our guard than now. The impudent pretensions of a false religion are being thrust into our face every day. In one instance it is a wholesale blasphemy against the doctrines of Christ, and a summary denial of everything short of absolute deism. The inference is, of course, implicitly positive. Or, again, striking out in a new direction, they inform us that the brave English soldiers having behaved generously to their wounded foes; and great efforts having been made to relieve the sufferers in the war, there is self-evident proof that Protestants are possessed of every virtue under the sun; as if mere natural virtue had the power to advance them one atom forward on the road to heaven. And yet how subtle the arguments by which the devil seduces his victims! To be clear, then, supernatural virtue, and, in the first place, utmost, is the only cultivated for safety's sake to the very which, however much in the abstract we may think the devil can always put forward where the heart is not 'strong in faith.' Let us ever understand that Christian charity is a superhuman virtue far removed from the mere philanthropy natural to man; and as for believing or not believing, our faith is worth very little if we must needs quarrel with everything beyond the formulas of the Church. It is hoped these remarks may serve, not unfavourably, to introduce La Salette to some readers hitherto inclined to scepticism." (p. 27-31.)

It would be difficult, we think, to find within the same compass so much sophistry, unsound argument, and uncharitableness.

To assert the truth of the apparition to be inconceivable, because some "who have eyes to see and ears to hear believe it to be certain," is easily answered by the counter proposition, that some others, including the Abbé Deleón, and a number of Roman Catholic clergy on the spot, and who have also "eyes to see and ears to hear," believe it to be an imposture, and have published their reasons for so believing in a thick octavo volume, printed by E. Kedon, Rue Bayard, No. 13, Grenoble, in the very diocese in which La Salette is situated. To have asserted that all who have eyes to see and ears to hear believe it to be certain would have been more to the point, but would have been simply untrue. To talk, therefore, of the circumstantial evidence being so strong that, prejudice aside, the writer may ask, where could a better chain of proof be found, is sheer impudence. The direct as well as circumstantial proof to the very reverse, viz., in favour of the Abbé Deleón's assertion, that it was Mademoiselle Constance Lamerliere who personated the Virgin, and deceived two young and illiterate children into believing that they had seen an apparition in a lonely mountain on the 19th September, 1846, was so strong, that, when the said Constance Lamerliere brought her action against the author of the book in which he proved that assertion in the courts of Grenoble, and laid her damages at 20,000 francs, the action, after a two days trial, was dismissed with costs against Mademoiselle Lamerliere, on the 2nd of May, 1855, of which not the slightest notice is taken by Mr. Wyse in his manual, though it was not published for some time, we believe for some months, afterwards.

While jumping, however, rather too rapidly to the conclusion that the apparition "is worthy of the fullest belief," and in another passage (p. 61) stating that "Rome permits and encourages the belief by having permitted the clergy, in a solemn indult, to celebrate the remembrance of this apparition by certain masses and offices appointed to be said on the anniversary itself," and also by "the great number of spiritual advantages granted by the Sovereign Pontiff in favour of the confraternities and pilgrimages connected with it," of which he gives the same long list which we already published in our 3rd vol., p. 121; yet, Mr. Wyse is good enough to admit that the matter "is not of faith—i.e., we are not so forced to believe it, that if we do not we shall be damned for our unbelief;" for, says he, in p. 61, "Rome, with that caution and prudence which is her characteristic, has not pronounced that final decision which brings all discussions to a close." We may, of course, entertain our own notions of such caution on the part of the infallible judge, whose office it is to tell the world what is true and what is false in matters of religion, and who may, possibly next year, pronounce (as doubtless the confraternity which Mr. Wyse is so anxious to establish in England would most devoutly desire) that henceforth a belief in the apparition of the 19th September shall be an article of faith, so that those who do not believe it "shall be

damned for their unbelief." But the liberty to disbelieve in it which exists, at present at least, in the Roman Catholic Church, according to Mr. Wyse will avail them practically but little; for he distinctly gives them to understand that if they do not believe it, they "are not Catholic minded;" they must be "devoid of Catholic instincts;" have "minds impregnated with the pestiferous principles of the age," and be "swimming in the tide of rationalism towards the vortex of universal corruption." "Their faith is worth very little if they must needs quarrel with 'everything beyond the formulas of the Church.' It is an 'ungenerous and stingy faith,' a 'thriftiness of faith which cannot be pleasing to God; for God loves a cheerful giver!' if they will take in nothing more than they are obliged; that is, if they will not believe in the truth of the apparition of La Salette. The reason, too, given to urge sceptics to belief, we think, is somewhat remarkable. "If we are to be Catholics, why should we not be so to the full at once? We shall get nothing in the world by the contrary. The infidels and blasphemers will only laugh in their sleeve at us, and insult and persecute us just the same." So, dear friends, as you are in for it at any rate, you may just as well act upon the old adage, "In for a penny, in for a pound;" swallow the story of the apparition, and become members of the new confraternity of La Salette; even though, as yet, you are not forced to do so under pain of eternal damnation; which hereafter, however, will come all in due time, though the Pope, "with the caution and prudence which characterize the Holy See," does not think the time yet come for quite so strong a measure, and thus bring "all discussion to a close" about it. We wish sincerely he would not be quite so cautious, but let the world know in plain language whether the belief in this apparition is a part of his holiness's own creed or not; or whether, while he has given permission to the clergy to celebrate the remembrance of the apparition by "certain solemn offices of religion," he himself may not all the while believe that it was Mademoiselle Lamerliere, and not the Blessed Virgin Mary, who appeared to Maximin Giraud and Melanie Mathieu, on the 19th September, 1846, though, by a pious fraud, he allows any one to be deceived by it who is disposed to embrace the new devotion.

We shall probably at an early opportunity give our readers some further details from the elaborate volume of Abbé Deleón, which is still very difficult of access in this country. We are fortunate enough to possess a copy; and, having perused it carefully, wish to see it re-printed for the sake of facility of reference hereafter, in case Mr. Wyse and his confraternity should make any progress in the attempt to introduce this "new devotion" into England. We think, however, that we have, for the present, given our readers a sufficient sample of the temper and mode of reasoning of Mr. Wyse to put them on their guard against a too easy adoption of that large and facile faith which is good-natured enough to swallow everything, no matter whether required by their Church or not, and which looks upon any lower grade of credulity as rank infidelity.

Mr. Wyse is evidently most anxious to propagate such notions, for he tells us, in the passage above quoted, that the "only real safeguard against the vilest of errors is to cultivate faith for safety's sake to the very utmost;" in other words, that the only safe way is to believe everything one is told by any ecclesiastic, whether that ecclesiastic has the authority of the "infallible" Church for teaching it or not.

We cannot help, however, giving one more extract from Mr. Wyse's Manual, in which he makes a touching appeal to the people of England, to revive the good old habit of pilgrimages, by swelling the crowds whom he represents as resorting to La Salette. "Have no English pilgrims found their way to La Salette? Yes, several priests, one bishop, and not a few of the devout laity have made their summer pilgrimage to the holy mountain. (By the way, a summer trip in a first-class railway carriage is rather more tempting than the good old fashion of walking on foot with pebbles in one's shoes.) And why not more? Why not a greater and more stirring throng? The English people were once famous for this love of pilgrimages, which were often directed to some favourite sanctuary of our Lady, so common formerly in England. They have lost this love, because in the midst of paganism around they have almost forgotten the Catholic beauty of their devotions. And is this lost love never to come back again?"—(p. 44-5.) "It would be absurd, of course, to think of pilgrimages in England in the present posture of affairs; but as for the good pious souls whom God has blessed with the riches of this world" (who are, by the way, just the people they like to see at La Salette), "is it not well to exhort them to promote by every means, and, above all, by their own example, the customs of this most solid devotion? Is it not possible for them, as the spring comes on, or the smiling summer, and the shades of autumn invite them to an excursion from home, or a tour on the continent—is it not possible for them to direct their steps pilgrimwise" (i.e., by the Paris railway) "to the sanctuary of La Salette, and thus learn to Catholicize their minds, whilst with prayers they bless their journey?"—(p. 46.)

We have some thoughts ourselves of making the experiment during the ensuing summer, even at the risk of

Catholicizing our mind after the manner of Mr. Wyse's confraternity.

But to be serious, will any of our respected and thoughtful Roman Catholic readers answer us this one question. Is their infallible Church able to tell whether the Blessed Virgin Mary did really come down from Heaven on the 19th September, 1846, to admonish and warn the world of solemn truths and coming evils, or whether it was a crazy enthusiast named Constance Lamerliere who duped two illiterate children into such a belief, and subsequently deluded many others into the same belief, through their instrumentality and the interested support of local ecclesiastics, who are, year after year, deriving large profits from keeping up and spreading the belief in the imposture? If the Pope be really infallible, and believes that the Blessed Virgin did come down from Heaven for that solemn purpose and on that occasion, why should he not, as claiming to be Christ's Vicar on earth, himself announce it to the world? If he does not believe it, how is it possible that he can allow such an imposture to get head and to deceive so many thousands of people, who, we are told, make pilgrimages to La Salette on the faith of a supposed miracle, which he of his infallibility knows to be false?

MORE NEWS FROM BALLINTUBBER.

MR. EDITOR.—I wonder if any of Mr. Grip's faction (him that was agent at Ballintubber in Mr. Sherwin's time) have been trying to pass him off on you for an honest man, or else I don't know why you should want to hear more of his rogueries than I told you a year ago. However, as you have asked me for a fuller account of his doings, I have no objection to tell you what I know as to some of the ways in which he made his money.

I need not repeat to you what I told you of the distressed condition of the Ballintubber tenantry when he was over them. And you will not wonder to hear that, miserable as they were, they were ready to listen to bad advice. These were the times that Phil Connolly—the head of the ribbonmen—was in his glory. He had listed into his society some of the finest young men in the country, who were ready to do his bidding through thick and thin, and who cared little about the law, for, come what would to them, they could not be much worse off than they were. Not one in the country dared to wag his finger except as Phil Connolly liked. He laid down the law, and those that did not wish to bring down his revenge on them had nothing for it but to obey.

This was the state in which Lord Kilmarty found the estate when he came into possession. Not one of the tenants but owed arrears of rent that he could never hope to pay. Ill able they were to pay the gales that would become due, let alone the arrears. The whole place was a picture of misery; nobody seemed to flourish there but Mr. Grip; and with their want of stock, bad farming, and lazy ways, when the poor people had got enough to keep Mr. Grip's mouth quiet, it was hard for them to find the means of filling their own mouths. And though they looked on the ribbonmen as their friends, I don't know but the tyranny they were under to them was worse than Mr. Grip's exactions. Why, there was the case of Pat Ryan first; at the time that Lord Kilmarty came over, he took Knocklyon farm, out of which Grip had ejected the O'Mahonys, and did not mind the threatening notices he got, and was not he shot as he was coming home from Loughmanagh fair, within three weeks after he had taken possession? And there was Jack Driscoll, about the same time, to whose house they came at night looking for arms, and to whom they gave such a beating that he never recovered it, and his poor wife that was near her confinement got such a fright that she was taken with her pains, and was buried in the same grave with her husband.

No wonder that there was neither luck nor grace about the place when such doings went on. Lord Kilmarty was very angry when he heard of these things, and he vowed that he would put down the reign of terror under which all his people were living. He spared no trouble, but at first he did nothing but make himself enemies for his pains. When he was against the ribbonmen, of course they were against him, and the worst of stories against him were told to those who were only too ready to believe them. You know that when Lord Kilmarty first came to Ballintubber the people had no end of rejoicing. I don't know what they expected him to do. I believe they thought it was to rain penny loaves, and that there was to be no such thing as want or sickness in the parish. At all events, mortal man could not have done all they expected from him; and when they found that he would help nobody that wouldn't help themselves, and that he was changing this and altering that, and introducing new plans which hadn't been heard of since the first stone of Ballintubber Castle had been laid, their feelings towards their new landlord altered greatly; and when Mr. Grip found that he wasn't to be the agent, he did his best in an underhand way to poison the people's minds against him, leading them to think that he was a hard man, and telling them that as they didn't like King Log (that was Mr. Sherwin), he hoped they would like King Stork better.

Well, it was the very winter after Lord Kilmarty had come over, when it was settled in the ribbon lodge that the landlord was to be taken off, and I am ashamed to

say that subscriptions were paid by some of the most respectable farmers in Ballintubber, that no one would think could be concerned in such a thing, to make a fund for the boy that was to take the shot. This turned out to be young Phelim O'Mahony, a slip of a lad that was always ready for any mischief that was going. Not that he would harm a child if he was left to himself, but he swore by Phil Conolly, and well Phil knew how to wind him round his fingers. It was only to ask him if he was afraid, and to threaten to give the job to others that had more pluck, and Phelim's blood was up, and he would have knocked down any of the other boys that had tried to be preferred to him. It was little love, indeed, that he bore to landlords; his father had been turned out of the farm which had belonged to the O'Mahonys four hundred years, and his young brother had died of typhus, brought on by want of proper food; and though, perhaps, Mr. Sherwin, if any one, was the person to be blamed, still he swore Lord Kilmarty should pay for it. And yet, when it came to the point, and he that never had had the blood of a fellow-creature on his soul, walked up and down by the roadside waiting to take the life of one that had never done him an injury, many of his revengeful feelings passed away, and he would gladly have gone home again if it had not been that he feared the ridicule of his comrades. And when at last the young nobleman came up, full of life and spirits, I confess that his hand trembled as he pulled the trigger, and his aim was not as steady as at another time. And when Lord Kilmarty rushed to close with his assailant, Phelim for the first time in his life knew what fear was, and he made off as fast as his legs could carry him. Lord Kilmarty who had got a bullet in his shoulder, could not overtake him, but hot pursuit was made, and before twenty-four hours were over, poor Phelim was in the county gaol. The clue that this afforded was followed up, and the affair ended in the breaking up of the whole ribbon gang, and the apprehension of the principal ringleaders, four of whom received sentence of death.

Phil Conolly had more murders than one brought home to him; indeed, it was well known that he was at the bottom of all the mischief that was done in the country, and when he was hanged at Tubbermore Gaol, few could deny that he got what he deserved. But there was a great feeling for Phelim O'Mahony; he had a good word from everybody, for he had always been ready to do a good turn to every one, and he was the sole support of his poor father and mother, who were almost heart-broken at the thought of being left childless in their old age. The old man scraped together every penny he could muster, to procure the best defence for him at the assizes, but it was all no use, the case was too clear against him; and the poor father was carried out of court in a fit when the jury gave in their verdict. Lord Kilmarty could not help feeling compassion for the poor old man, and the more he inquired, the more allowance he found there was to be made for Phelim's conduct. He heard how well off the family had been at Knocklyon, and what a change had been brought on them, and all the misery they had suffered since; and he was told how much of Phelim's evil courses were owing to the bad guidance he had had. Lord Kilmarty was a man who never would use harshness until everything had been tried that kind words or kind treatment could effect, and so it was the case this time. By his influence with the government he got Phelim nothing less than a free pardon, and then instead of hunting him off the property, or sending him abroad, he did his best to put him in an honest way to support his parents, and he never stopped till he had got the father another farm, and till the whole family were in a fair state of prosperity.

Well, by the time this business was fairly over, Lord Kilmarty had made great way in Ballintubber. The people had learned to fear him when they saw how his exertions had brought Phil Conolly to justice, that none ever ventured to meddle with. But now they scarcely knew what to make of his treatment of the O'Mahonys, and of the return he made them for the trouble Phelim had been at in sending a bullet through his shoulder. One thing, however, they were beginning to understand, and this was, that many of their landlord's new plans, which they had grumbled and rebelled so much against, were really the best after all, and that it was their interest to agree to them. At any rate, whatever effect Lord Kilmarty's conduct might have had upon others, there was no mistake about Phelim, and he was ready, too, to shed the last drop of his blood for the man whose life he had been trying to take so short a time before. Lord Kilmarty after a while took him into his own employment, and he had no more diligent and trustworthy servant than Phelim O'Mahony.

But the time came when, as I told you before, Lord Kilmarty had to go back to England, whence he found it necessary to proceed to Jamaica, to look after his estate in that island. Phelim was one of those chosen to accompany him, and, indeed, he would have gone to the end of the world with his master. Lord Kilmarty being in a hurry, went on before, leaving Phelim and another servant to follow him to London with some valuable luggage.

But when the cat's away, they say, the mice may play; and Mr. Grip, who had kept himself quiet enough as long as his master's eye was on him, now thought he had a

clear stage to play off his rogueries. It was just the evening before Phelim was to go, and Mrs. O'Mahony had been down to Mr. Carroll's shop, in Ballintubber, buying some things to make her son comfortable for his journey, when on her way home she had to pass Mr. Grip, who was standing in front of his own door. He put his comelher on her at once, and after a civil wishing her good evening,

"Is it true," says he, "what I hear, that your son Phelim is soon going to leave Ballintubber?"

"It's too true it is," says she; "and it's almost breaking my heart to let him go; only, when his lordship wished to have Phelim with him, it's wrong to grudge him to him. Proud enough the poor boy feels that there's no one else his master has such a fancy to have near him; but when I think that he's to go in the morning, and that he's to cross the seas, and that God only knows whether it'll be his will that I'm to live to see him again, I feel, Mr. Grip, as if I was ready to drop."

"You don't mean that he's going in the morning," said Mr. Grip.

"Deed then he is," said she; "he, and Tom Sullivan with him."

"And if that's the case," said he, "how is it that he has never been at my office for his pardon? Sure, he would not be mad enough to think of travelling without it?"

"What pardon do you mean, sir?" said she.

"What pardon!" said Mr. Grip. "Why, you know as well as I do that Phelim's life was forfeited to the laws, and unless he has his pardon regularly made out, what is there to prevent him from being brought to the gallows at any moment?"

"But, sir," says she, "every one knows that my lord got him his pardon, and has had him in his service ever since."

"Everybody may know it," said Mr. Grip, "but I don't know it. I know nothing but what regularly passes through my office. And I wonder that when your son is about to go all over the world with Lord Kilmarty, you will leave it in his lordship's power to have him strung up the first time he is offended with him, or that he chooses to take his revenge on him."

"Sir," says Mrs. O'Mahony, "you are only wasting your breath if you want to make me distrust Lord Kilmarty. It is to him, sir, we owe everything, and if he had wanted any revenge on poor Phelim it would have been easy for him to have had it. All he had to do was to let the law take its course last April."

"Oh," said Mr. Grip, "I don't want you to distrust anybody. We lawyers like to have everything made safe; and, for my part, I would not choose to go with a rope round my neck, even if it was on my own father the pulling of it depended. But do you take your own way. Phelim is no son of mine, if anything happens."

And with this Mr. Grip turned and went into his office. But Mrs. O'Mahony had really become frightened, and she pushed in after him, and said,

"I hope you are not offended with me, sir; but are you quite sure that Phelim has not got all the pardon he wants?"

"Quite sure," said he, "that he has got no pardon from this office, and that's the only pardon that will stand."

"And is it too late now to get it, sir?"

"No, not a bit too late; only 'twill cost you thirty shillings," said Mr. Grip.

"I have the money here, sir," said she, "though, indeed, I had thought to lay it out for poor Phelim in a different way."

"What good would anything you could buy for him be," said Mr. Grip, "if he did not live to enjoy it?"

Mrs. O'Mahony felt the reasonableness of this, so she paid her thirty shillings and took home in exchange a fine parchment, purporting to convey to Philip a full and free pardon for all his misdeeds, and to cancel all remaining of punishment unremitted by any previous pardon he might have had. When she got home, she produced her prize, and asked her son why he had never seen about his pardon before.

"Why," said Phelim, "Lord Kilmarty told me long ago that all that was necessary had been done. And I am sure, if there was anything more, that I ought to do, he would have left directions to me; but I have got here his written instructions about all that I have to do before I leave, and there is not a word about going to Mr. Grip."

"Mr. Grip tried to make me think," said his mother, "that Lord Kilmarty wanted to have you in his power."

"The swindling old schemer," cried Phelim, "to think that he could suppose that a bad word, from the like of him would make us think ill of his lordship. I am vexed, mother, to think of the thirty shillings he has got from you, for I know I would be safe enough every where under his lordship's protection; and I would go down to Ballintubber this minute, and try to get the money back again; but that I know I might as well look for last year's snow as to think to get money back Grip has once laid his clutches on."

"Don't be vexed, then, Phelim, alanna," said his mother; "if it was thirty pounds and I had it, I'd not grudge it if it was to do you any good. And now when you'll be away, I don't think I could sleep a night easy in my bed, if I had the notion that your life might be in danger, and that I was grudging you the money that might save you."

As the money was paid, and there was no help for it, Phelim didn't annoy his mother by telling her any more how strongly he suspected that Grip had cheated her; but, to her great gratification, was particular, when he went off, to take his pardon carefully with him.

His poor father and mother were very low in their spirits after he went. They just heard that he had arrived safely in England, in time to catch his master as he was on the point of starting for the West Indies; and they knew that it must be a long time now before they could hear again from him. Mrs. O'Mahony's chief consolation was to go down of an evening to Ballintubber, to Mrs. Sullivan, whose son, I told you, had been also taken by Lord Kilmarty. His history was something the same as Phelim's; and there was nothing the two women enjoyed more than to have a gossip about their children, and, when they could, to get Mr. O'Reilly, the schoolmaster, to tell them all about Jamaica and the negroes.

Phelim had been just a month gone, when, as his mother was coming back from one of her visits to Mrs. Sullivan, she was again accosted by Mr. Grip.

"Well, Mrs. O'Mahony," said he, "why, what has become of you? I have been expecting every day that you would call on me. Your son is a month gone now, and it is time that you should be thinking of getting a memorial drawn up, and having it forwarded to Lord Kilmarty in his behalf."

"Memorial! sir," said Mrs. O'Mahony, all in a puzzle. "I don't understand what memorial you are talking of."

"Why, to be sure," said Grip, "a memorial to get an indulgence for your son for some of the punishment he has to suffer."

"Punishment! sir," cried she. "God bless us; why, what has the poor boy done, and what is he to be punished for?"

"What has he done," said Mr. Grip. "You are a mighty innocent woman not to know what he did. I suppose you think it's no harm to send a bullet through a gentleman's shoulder."

"Oh, is that what you mean," said she. "Don't you know, sir, he was regularly pardoned for that, and I paid you for having his pardon properly passed through your office."

"That pardon," said Mr. Grip, "secures your son's life. It provides that he shall not be hanged; but it does not say a word as to any other punishment. It's not reasonable to suppose that one that acted as your son did should get off altogether scot free; and now that Lord Kilmarty has him in Jamaica, where he has got places of punishment for the negroes on his estate, no doubt he will have such punishment inflicted on him as he thinks may be deserved; and I would advise you to have a memorial drawn up to procure his indulgence."

Mrs. O'Mahony was thunderstruck at this alarming intelligence. When she could speak, she said—"I'll never believe that Lord Kilmarty would be so little of a gentleman as to behave in that way. I heard him say, myself, that Phelim was fully pardoned, and not a word did he say of any more punishment that he had to get. I am sure we could not have complained if he had made him liable to some punishment, but he gave us to understand that the pardon was full and complete; and I'll never believe, now that the poor boy has trusted himself to him, he would put punishment on him he never said a word of before. If Phelim tried to hurt him once, he has been a faithful servant, and been doing his best to please him ever since."

"If it's his services you are trusting to," said Mr. Grip, "I think the less you say on that subject the better—at least, if what Mr. Johnson told me is true."

Now, Mr. Johnson was the butler whom Lord Kilmarty had brought over with him from England. He was a very grand man, and much disposed to think all the Irish servants no better than savages; and when Mr. Grip mentioned his name, Mrs. O'Mahony could not help remembering some occasions on which she had heard this Mr. Johnson abusing Phelim for his awkwardness; for it must be owned that the poor boy, though willing enough to be useful, had all his business to learn; and when he first came into Lord Kilmarty's service, by breakages, or by one blunder or another, would have tried the patience of a less indulgent master than he had.

"I see," continued Mr. Grip, "you cannot deny that if the question is raised of his behaviour since he came into Lord Kilmarty's service, there will be more cause for blame for him than for praise. And, indeed, this is the very reason he must be put under strict discipline now, in order that he may be the more fit to serve his master afterwards."

"Oh, if that's all, sir," said Mrs. O'Mahony, "I have not a word against it. To be sure, he must learn his duty, and I am sure Phelim's not the boy to grudge any pains it will cost him. I'll leave it all to his lordship, for I know he would not make my poor boy have to suffer anything that was not necessary."

But it did not suit Mr. Grip's purpose at all to find Mrs. O'Mahony so submissive. He had made up his mind to get well paid for drawing a memorial; so he went on to tell her that it wasn't only to teach him his duty Phelim was to be disciplined; that he deserved punishments which had not been all remitted in any of the pardons Phelim had got before. Then he went on to give such a description of the sufferings the blacks

had to endure in the West India plantations, such as would make your hair stand on end with horror; and he explained to her that what Phelim would have to bear was exactly the same in intensity, and that the only difference was in duration; that the blacks would be slaves for their lives, but that Phelim would only suffer as long as his master pleased. And he assured her that nothing would be so effectual in getting her son quickly out of his troubles as if she employed him to send out a proper memorial to his lordship.

You would have pitied poor Mrs. O'Mahony if you could have seen her face when she heard all this horrible news. She was only too thankful to pay her pound to Mr. Grip, who promised her that if his memorial did not get Phelim out of trouble altogether, it would, at all events, be sure to make his punishment a great deal lighter.

It was with a heavy heart that Mrs. O'Mahony brought home the news to her husband, and with the crying and the hallowing he found it hard enough to make out her story; but when he was made to understand it, he was as much to be pitied as his wife. The first that gave him comfort was Pat Callaghan, who was a shrewd fellow, very hard to humbug, and whom Mr. Grip set down as a great rebel.

"Why, man alive," said he, "what nonsense it is to let a fellow like Grip run down the character of a good landlord. Did anybody ever know his lordship to do anything unhandsome, and would anybody make me believe that after making us all think he had given your son a full pardon, and never saying a word about any more punishment he had to suffer, and after taking him into his service, and giving him the best of treatment, and showing you and him all sorts of kindness, that now that he has taken him off from you he will make a slave of him, and treat him worse than the blacks. I am sure Mr. Grip is the last person that ought to say Phelim had any more punishment to bear after himself making out his pardon for you, and in which it was said that all arrears and remains of punishments were forgiven him. One might be puzzled by Grip's story if he had nothing to gain by it, but when one sees that he wins money out of your fright, and that every one of your wife's tears is a penny in his pocket, then it is not hard to understand why he sets such a story going."

By talking this way Pat got both Mr. O'Mahony and his wife into better spirits. However, it only lasted till two or three weeks afterwards that Mr. Grip said that it would be necessary to send a second memorial: nothing could be heard yet from Jamaica, and it was not likely that one memorial would set Phelim quite free; it had lightened his punishment no doubt, but still more was necessary to make him a free man again. Mr. O'Mahony swore Grip should have no more of his money; but it was no use. Mrs. O'Mahony could not get the picture out of her head of her son being in suffering, while money of their's could release him, and when she fell asleep she would dream that she saw poor Phelim among the blacks, exactly as Grip had described him, and that he was praying and begging of her to get him free; and when she used to wake in a cold sweat from one of these dreams, she used to feel sure that all Grip had told her was true, and she gave her husband no rest till he had paid Grip all that he said was necessary. Poor O'Mahony liked a quiet house, and, besides, he did not feel certain but that what Grip said might be true, and if it was, there was nothing he would have grudged for his son's deliverance.

Grip served much the same tricks on the Sullivan family; but I don't want to tell any more of the heartless way in which he made those poor people's sorrow for their children that had gone from them an engine for screwing money out of them. I hear it has been said for Grip that he didn't invent any of these dodges himself; that the same thing had been done by his father before him, and that this Grip, that is now, had really come to believe in his pardons and memorials, and thought that Lord Kilmarty couldn't stir a step except as he bid him. One would like to be charitable, so I hope this was the case; but whoever invented those things, Grip had the profit of them, and a nice harvest they brought him in.

And I needn't say anything of his tricks on the other tenants—how he went collecting the arrears of rent from them; and when they produced Lord Kilmarty's receipt in full, he said this only was a receipt for the principal rents, but that they had to pay besides arrears of glove money and duty fowls, and agent's perquisites, and goodness knows what besides. More fools they that paid him:—it's my rule, and I recommend it, Mr. Editor to your readers—WHEN YOU HAVE GOT A RECEIPT IN FULL, DON'T LET ANYBODY PERSUADE YOU TO PAY OVER AGAIN.

A few questions about Purgatory.

Does not the Gospel promise complete remission of sins to all true believers in the Lord Jesus? Are we not told that "THE BLOOD OF JESUS CHRIST, OUR LORD, CLEANSETH US FROM ALL SIN?"

Do not the priests themselves maintain that they are able, by absolution, to bestow a perfect forgiveness of sins? And do they not profess in Extreme Unction to blot out all remains of sin? What, then, is left to be atoned for in purgatory?

If the priests say that the passion of our Lord only remitted the eternal punishment of sin, and that Christians

have still themselves to pay the temporal punishment of sin, will they be pleased to show us where this distinction between the temporal and eternal punishment of sin is mentioned in the New Testament? The pardon of sin there spoken of is described as absolute, without reserve or limitation, and not a word is mentioned as to any part of sin being unforgiven, or any punishments remaining to be satisfied in purgatory.

Is this doctrine of purgatory honourable to the character of God? What would our readers think of a man who professed to have fully and freely forgiven a debt, and who then should afterwards sue his debtor for a portion of the demand?

Supposing this doctrine of purgatory not to be true, whose interest was it to invent it, and whose interest is it to keep it up? Into whose pockets does the money go that is paid for confessions and at death-beds, and for masses, and month-minds, and how much of this money would be paid if it were not for a belief in purgatory?

HOW ARE WE TO DEAL WITH OUR FRIENDS WHO HAVE BECOME ROMAN CATHOLICS?

In Conversations between two Clergymen of the Church of England, one of whom had seceded to Rome, and there submitted to a second ordination.

CONVERSATION II.

[NOTE.—The Interlocutors are denoted by the letters R and A, which are the initials of *Roma* and *Anglia*.]

R. I have reflected a good deal, dear A., on the subject of our last conversation; and I confess that the more I reflect upon it the more I feel surprised at your absolute rejection of the Catholic doctrine (I beg your pardon, the Roman Catholic doctrine,) of intention. I cannot but conclude, that you have entirely misunderstood that doctrine—you have said that you consider it one of the most vulnerable points in the theology of the Church of Rome. Will you explain yourself more fully, and say, where and how it is vulnerable; for to me it seems almost self-evident. But first let me remark, that I think you mistake St. Thomas, in supposing him to have held your doctrine. I could, I think, satisfy you that he really maintains what you choose to call the ultramontane doctrine.

A. Perhaps he did, although he evidently felt the difficulty of it, and did not state it with the boldness of subsequent writers. But I have not said that St. Thomas held our doctrine. What I said was, that he has very distinctly stated our doctrine.* I understand him to say, in answer to an objection, that the minister of a sacrament acts in the name of the Church Catholic, whose minister he is; and that in the words he utters is expressed the intention of the Church, which is sufficient to the perfection of the sacrament, unless the minister or the recipient, by some external or outward act, or declaration, express the contrary. If this be a correct account of the meaning of St. Thomas, I think it very clearly expresses our doctrine, and is a satisfactory answer to the objection he was considering; and you will observe he says, "*Nisi contrarium exterius exprimitur*," thus distinctly asserting the necessity of an external declaration of an intention opposed to the intention of the Church, in order to invalidate the sacrament. So that, according to St. Thomas, a secret or internal intention, or defect of intention to the same effect, would not invalidate it. I am not, however, I confess, prepared to say, nor do I believe, that even an external declaration would necessarily invalidate the sacrament. The minister who made such a declaration, and, notwithstanding, still continued to minister with avowed dishonesty, would only be committing the greater sin, and I hold that no sin of man can make void the promises of God. But this is not now the question. St. Thomas Aquinas distinctly states, as an opinion to which he inclines, that the minister who uses the offices of the Church thereby expresses the intention of the Church, unless he makes an open external declaration of the contrary; in other words, that no secret intention of the minister can invalidate the sacrament. This, I think, you will admit, is a statement of the doctrine that could scarcely have been made by a modern divine, holding the theology now deemed orthodox at Rome; for I fancy that your Italian theologians, if I may not call them ultramontane, would not be content with such a statement; and that according to them, a secret internal intention, not outwardly expressed in any way, of not doing what Christ had instituted, although all ceremonies, prayers, and forms prescribed by the Church were observed, would invalidate the sacraments.

R. No doubt it would; for he who only pretends to minister, whilst in his heart he really intends not to do what Christ has instituted, is a dissembler, and cannot be deemed to minister a valid sacrament; and so St. Thomas expressly teaches, when he proceeds to show, that although faith be not required in the minister to the perfection of a sacrament, yet that a perverse intention, when that perverse intention implies an intention of not conferring the sacrament, does invalidate it.*

* His words are—"Et ideo alii melius dicunt, quod minister sacramenti agat in persona totius Ecclesie cuius est minister: in verbis autem quæ profert, exprimitur intentio Ecclesie, quæ sufficit ad perfectionem sacramenti, nisi contrarium exterius exprimat ex parte ministri, vel recipientis sacramentum."—*Summa* iii., q. 64-8.

† *Summa* iii., 9, 64, art. 9.

‡ *Ibid.*, art. 10.

In vain, therefore, do you quote St. Thomas as being of your opinion.

A. I do not by any means suppose him to have been of my opinion. On the contrary, I believe him to have been one of those by whose subtlety the contrary opinion was introduced into Christian theology. For it is clear that he himself did not fully teach it, and that it was not the generally received opinion of the Church in his time. Nevertheless, I think he held your doctrine, although he felt its difficulty, and, as I have said, did not state it with the naked boldness of modern Roman divines. For instance, in the very place to which you now refer, he says, indeed, as you allege, that if the minister did not intend to confer a sacrament, but only to do something delusory or in sport, such an intention would invalidate the sacrament; but then he adds, "*especially if he should manifest his intention by any external act.*"† Such an *especially* would not, I think, be found in any modern advocate of this doctrine; nor can I very well understand it, for if the sacrament be null, I do not see how it can be *especially* null; there can be no degrees of nullity.

R. You would have made a capital schoolman; but then you give up St. Thomas.

A. I need not give him up; for some of your own authorities, the Jesuit Salmeron* for instance, maintain expressly that Aquinas did not hold the modern doctrine of intention. However, I have no objection to give him up. I never quoted him as being of our side. All I said of him was that on one occasion, in answer to a particular objection, he states our doctrine. I do not undertake to defend his consistency. But I believe he did virtually hold your ultramontane doctrine, inasmuch as he elsewhere expressly states that an intention of the sacramental effect is necessary, although here again he qualifies what he says in a way that no ultramontane divine would now do, by adding that this intention is expressed (he does not say sufficiently expressed) by the words which constitute the form of the sacrament.‡

R. You will call it ultramontane; but I believe it to be now the received doctrine of the whole Church.

A. I suppose it is, as I think, indeed, it ought to be, the received doctrine of the whole Roman communion; those of them at least that adopt the missal of Pius V., with its rubrics, as corrected and set forth under the decree of the Italian Council of Trent. The rubrics which define the defects that may possibly occur in the mass, from the intention of the ministrant, appear to me to teach the extreme doctrine; and I cannot imagine how any one who receives that missal, and believes himself to be bound by it, can honestly hold any other opinion.

R. You are quite right; those rubrics evidently teach our doctrine. But it surprises me that you do not see the absolute necessity and reasonableness of that doctrine; for is not a due intention necessary, even in the laity, for the acceptable worship of God? Can there be any prayer, any effectual or acceptable prayer, that does not proceed from sincerity of heart? Nay, are not the very groanings of the troubled spirit, without words of prayer, accepted with Him, when they are the utterance of faith and love? In other words, the intention of the heart is received by Him, without any sound or external utterance. Must not, therefore, the intention of the minister to confer grace in accordance with the promises of Christ, and not to perform a mere external ceremony, be essential to the acceptable ministration of the sacraments?

A. There is no doubt a certain truth at the foundation of your doctrine of intention, to which it owes its plausibility; for no error exists, or at least no error can exercise much influence in the world, unless it be based upon some truth. That sincerity of purpose, reverence, and a desire of doing God's will is necessary to all acts of worship, is most true; that this is especially true in those who minister in holy things, and that in this sense the intention of administering the sacraments according to the institution of Christ, and for the end which He intended, is the duty of the clergy, we not only admit, but maintain. "The true worshippers," our Lord himself tells us, "must worship the Father in spirit and in truth; for the Father seeketh such to worship him" (John iv., 23); and he adds the reason (ver. 24), "God is a spirit, and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit, and in truth." In this sense, we believe intention to be necessary to all acts of acceptable worship as well as to the sacraments. Without it the worshipper must either have a wrong intention, and his worship is a mockery; or he wrongly applies his lip service to God, while his heart is far from Him. This, however, is very different from your doctrine of intention.

R. But our doctrine clearly and necessarily follows from it.

A. By no means. It is the duty of the clergyman, in ministering the sacraments, as in all other acts of worship, to have respect to the spiritual meaning and intent of the act of worship in which he ministers. It is the duty of

* His words are—"Put a cum aliquo non intendit sacramentum conferre, sed deioris aliquid agere, et talis perversitas tollit veritatem sacramenti, præcipue quando sum intentionem exterius manifestat."—*Ibid.*

† In Epist. Pauli Lib. 2, Disp. 2.

‡ *Ibid.*, art. 8.—"Et ideo oportet quod [aliquis] determinetur ad unum, i.e. ad sacramentum effectum, per intentionem abundantem; et hæc intentio exprimitur per verba quæ in sacramentis dicuntur; puta cum dicit, Ego te baptizo, &c."